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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 09

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

My Prayer

Lord! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And humbly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day. Amen.

ANON., 1880.

'Keep Your Lantern by You.'

The words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening train. 'Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other.' The brakesman was a new hand, who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear end of the last car, and the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakesman passed toward the front end; there, to our surprise, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. While he was taking it down and suspending it from his arm, instead of from the hook in the corner, we began to think. We thought of others besides inexperienced brakesmen who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency.

There are people who make a profession of religion who seem like shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in their daily life. They leave the lantern hung up somewhere where it can do them little good in a special hour. There are young people who go to places where they can not take their religion with them. And then, how shall they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of trouble, if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises?

'Ye are the light of the world,' said Jesus to his disciples; but they who are to give light to the world must bear their light about with them. 'Let your light so shine before men,' again said the Saviour, 'that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

'Do not forget that if we neglect to let our lights shine brightly they are in danger of being put out entirely, and other light-bearers put into our places.—'Northern Advocate.'

Taking God at His Word.

A gentleman was talking with a man who was evidently deeply impressed, but who seemed to find no rest or comfort to his soul.

'What,' he asked, 'is it that is not plain or that seems so entirely wrong to you?'

'Wrong?' said the other, 'everything is wrong with me. My soul is lost, and I have only now found it out, and I do not see any way of escape and safety.'

'Are there no persons known to you?' asked the gentleman, 'whom you can and do believe, whatever they may say to you?'

'Yes,' replied the other, 'there are such persons.'

'Just as you believe them, then, are you willing now to believe God? He says in His Word that He desires not the death of any, but that all might receive eternal life, and to all He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

'Let me see that for myself,' said the man, and the gentleman, opening the Bible, was about to read the words to him, when with earnestness he said, 'Give me the book that I may read it for myself,' and with his finger pressed upon the page he read it over and over again.

His face lighted up with a new and joyous expression, and he cried, 'O God, I take Thee at Thy word, and give myself entirely and for ever to Thee!' And soon he felt that his burden was gone, and that he had indeed found in Jesus rest to his soul.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Work in Labrador.

A SERVICE ON SHIPBOARD.

Everywhere that Dr. Grenfell goes he carries with him not only help and healing for those in need, but the consciousness at all times that he is the ambassador of a great King, and he never lets slip the opportunity to deliver the message that he knows to be as sorely needed as any material or physical help for the body. Recently he was by necessity a passenger upon the schooner 'Vernie May' and in the 'Record of Christian Work,' he describes the service held at that time on shipboard.

We mustered only three hymn-books, he writes, and the deck was already filled with barrels and puncheons and boats and dogs and fires in open sand barrels for cooking, and every other conceivable object. The cabins and holds were full of women and children and fish and boxes and nets and supplies. But, on the whole, I don't know that I have ever gathered with a crowd in a place that one was more likely to realize the presence of God. This is only a statement of fact. I've been in the most ancient European cathedrals. I have inhaled the most odoriferous incense. I have walked in procession with choristers in white and clergy in colors, I have attended evangelistic meetings in crowded auditoriums, where the very air seemed charged with an atmosphere calculated to stir up the emotions readily. But I repeat, Mr. Editor, I know of no place where the presence of God seems realer and nearer than it did in the midst of my blue-jerseyed, big-booted audience, sitting on or squatting among the débris of a Labrador fishery on the deck of the good schooner 'Vernie May,' 50 miles from Funk Islands, with a north-easter blowing and a heavy atmosphere so that you couldn't see in any direction more than a mile from the ship.

Faith being the subject, we talked of our need of help other than our own if we chanced in a little too near the Snap Rock in the night, for that dangerous rock lay right in our way and is neither lighted nor buoyed. The reasonableness of faith in a loving Father above as practical as that we placed in the schooner beneath our feet or her skipper, who was a stranger to us, seemed to appeal to my audience and I noticed that the old words of

'What a friend we have in Jesus'

seemed to ring out more clearly and more heartily than the hymn at first, which broke the spell of the novelty of a 'religious' meeting under the circumstances.

When the meeting was over and the men were once again boiling their kettles for the evening 'mug up' before retiring below, I got into conversation with some of the men as we stood on deck around the blazing open fire.

Suddenly a grizzled and white-haired skipper broke in: 'I thought you was speaking to me, Doctor, when you'se was speaking about it's faith what saves.'

'How was that, skipper? Has your life, then, been saved to be some use to God on earth?'

'I've been heading that way these many years,' he replied.

'Well, what makes you think that faith saves you more than any other man?'

'I don't think no such thing,' he answered, 'but I'll tell you how I knows it saved me, if you cares to hear it.'

'Go ahead, skipper, we all want to hear.'

'Well, Doctor, some twenty years ago I had a time just near here much like you had last winter. It was in the spring o' the year, and I and my chum were out on the White Islands, and we started at midday to sail in to the mainland. There were a strong northerly tide running agin a smart nor'-easter, and it were knocking up a dirty lop. We wasn't more'n two hun'red yards from the shore before a tall sea caught our boat, under the counter, and over she went. The boat was a Nova Scotian gasher that we was in, and we went over all standing. She were clinker built, so we was able to climb up by the planks on to her keel. But it were impossible to hold on, for the loppin' seas kept washing us off. There were another boat passed close by us. But they didn't take no notice of us, and were soon out o' sight. Jim—that were my chum—could swim all right, but I couldn't swim a stroke. Yet if I hadn't a-kept putting Jim back on to the bottom of the boat, he'd a drowned several times over, and somehow I felt sure us was going to be saved, and kept a-telling Jim so. But he wouldn't believe it anyhow. He kept on a-saying: "I'm lost, Sam, body and soul, lost body and soul." I told him to keep believing, as I was sure us 'ud be saved somehow.

'Well, us drifted along wi' t' current till us met the easterly tide a-comin' out o' the straits, and then us turned to the south-east and drifted away to the south-ard again away outside t' White Islands and then down to the south about five miles off t' coast.

'Yes, it were cold, and us swallowed a tidy bit o' water, and then all of a sudden the old boat turned over on one side and righted herself. Well, in I gets over the side and pulls the masts and sails out o' her to steady her, and that's just where I did wrong, for over she goes again, and from that time she would neither stay up nor down. It were ever so much harder after that to hold on at all for there were nothing under water to steady her, so I had to keep putting Jim on, for he had no heart for hisself and were as good as drownded already. Three times, believe me, Doctor, that boat turned over and every time us got in over she went again.

'It was now coming on night and we was off St. Anthony, drifted south twelve miles as far as I could make out. I kept on a-trying to cheer Jim up and somehow that helped me. It always is a help to be trying to help someone else. I kept on at Jim telling him as I was plum' sure us'd be saved. Yes, I must say now I dunno why I b'lieved so strong. But there it was, I did believe un, and that's what save us. For sure enough, just at dark up comes a schooner. She was a-beatin' down to the Labrador. But the cross sea took her ahead and she was a-running for St. Anthony for anchorage. She kept on arunning, till she was well by us and some would hat thought our last chance was gone. But somehow I knowed better than that, and sure enough, before she'd gone very far, round she comes and drops a boat. It weren't long from that before us had Jim safe aboard. But he were never no good after, not to work. He just lived on a year or so, and then he pined away. No, Doctor, he had no faith, he hadn't.

'Did us save the boat? Well, no. You'se don't think much o' the value o' them kind o' things at such times, not but there were a gun fast in her, too. But them things don't seem o' no account when it comes to a point o' being saved.'

'I've noticed that myself, skipper,' I replied, 'I've looked old Father Death in the face, and it certainly did make a difference in the value one put on things one thought so much of at other times. Did you feel afraid when you were in the water all that time, skipper?'

'Not the smallest bit o' fear ever came in my mind. After we was ashore I was all torn to bits wi' fear at what us had gone thro'. It seemed a most wonderful good thing that we was saved when it were so easy to ha' been lost. But there weren't no fear in me, Doctor, not in the water. You see I believed all the while that us'd be save and it were just that as save us. So when you was a-speakin' about faith there, I thought perhaps you meaned me. But it's just the same wi' every one o' us. There be so many dangers all around that it be easy enough to perish and only faith can save ere a one o' us.'

There was a bright twinkle in the old man's eyes reflecting the bright fire burning in the sand barrel, and as I looked round at the faces of the other men, with no little joy, I saw an assenting expression thrown back from every feature.

May God give us all that faith, my reader, that shall make us trust in Christ as simply as these my friends and so practically that we may at once set to work in that faith to save the many 'Jims' that have no faith around us.

Acknowledgments.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

True and False Brotherhood.

Acts iv., 32—v., 11. Memory verses 32, 33.

Golden Text.

Lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah; but they that deal truly are his delight. Prov. xii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 1.—Acts iv., 32; v., 11.
Tuesday, February 2.—II. Kings v., 15-27.
Wednesday, February 3.—Psalm 52.
Thursday, February 4.—Prov. xii., 13-22.
Friday, February 5.—Jas. iii., 1-10.
Saturday, February 6.—Psa. cxxxix., 1-12.
Sunday, February 7.—Eph. iv., 25-32.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Anyone of you who can say over the golden text for to-day will be able I am sure to tell us what it means. We can say it all in six words: God hates lies; God loves truth. Does anyone in the world like people to tell lies? No, everybody hates untruths when others tell them, but sometimes people think that a lie will help them, perhaps to get something they want, perhaps to avoid a punishment they deserve, and so these ugly things that we call lies are very often used. Our lesson to-day tells about one lie that had a very quick punishment, but before we study about the man who told the lie, we want to speak about another man who was very good and loving. Both these men belonged to the same church, and that church was the one in Jerusalem, to which Peter and all the other disciples, and Mary, Jesus' mother, belonged. It was the first church on earth after Christ's death, and it was here on earth to show people what Christ would have them do. There were rich people and poor people in this church just as there are in our churches to-day, but none of the poor people ever suffered for want of anything while some others had a great deal more than they needed as sometimes happens to-day, because all those who were rich put all their money together and told the apostles, Peter and the rest, to use this money for the others just as it was needed. One of the men who joined the church was named Joses, or Joseph as we would say, but the people soon learned to call him by a sort of pet name because he was so loving and kind and helpful when he talked to anyone. He was soon called by nothing but this name, Barnabas, and it is by this name that we know him. Let us see one thing he did that showed how unselfish he was.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The state of the Christian Church at this time must be well understood to afford a proper background adequately to show up the blackness of the sin of Ananias and Sapphira. It has been truly said that were God to punish as severely now every virtual Ananias on the church membership roll the numbers of nominal Christians would be considerably reduced. But we must remember that many of the conditions necessary to the establishment of the early church are not needful in the present state of growth: The visible and audible presence of the Holy Spirit; the miraculous healings and escapes such as Peter's deliverance from prison; the gift of tongues; all these are passed away. The church is no longer in its infancy. The sin is as dark to-day, no doubt, and its evil effects on the church are very great, but the church has established itself as the enemy of sin, not the excuser and shelterer, such as she might well have come to be had so dark a sin at the beginning been treated as slight and excusable. The lie was only the index of a heart 'filled with Satan' (Acts v., 3), the spirit of evil instead of with the Holy Spirit God. Envy of the praise accorded others for their generosity, selfish desire for preëminence, hypocrisy, unbelief in the real presence of God's Holy Spirit (verse 9) were inner companions of the outward lie. Had Peter for the sake of the money given, condoned and shielded the lie, it would have been a clear case of an accepted bribe. However, the punishmunt was not the act of Peter in any way; it was clearly the judgment of God that 'they which do such things are worthy of death' (Rom. i., 32). It was imperative, also, that the new church should not be numerically augmented by numbers of people professing to hold its tenets for the sake of sharing its benefits (Acts iv., 34). The certainty that the inmost thoughts of the heart were understood by the apostles through the presence of God's Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth (John xvi., 13), made all such deceivers draw back (verse 13) while the earnest souls were but the more surely drawn (verse 14). The need of prompt action and certain sound was all the greater as this was an attack on the church from the inside, always more dangerous and insidious than any attack from without. The successful traitor within a fort is more to be dreaded than a force without.

(SELECTIONS.)

It seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless and another as slight and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our heart should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.—John Ruskin.

Praise is good. To be applauded by our fellow-men, to hear our ambitions about ourselves caught up by their testifying cheers, to have our own best hopes for our own lives confirmed by their appreciation of us, that is a true delight for any man. To be able to do without men's praise because we do not feel its value, because morosely and selfishly we do not care what men think, that is bad; that is a sign of feebleness and conceit. To feel it is wretched, and to affect to feel it is detestable. But to be able to do without men's praise because that which their praise stands for is dearer to us than the praise is, and it so happens that we can not have both of them, that is a wholly different thing. The first man has sunk below the necessity of men's applause, and the second man has risen above it. The poor demoralized beggar and the calm, philosophic servant of God, standing together in the street, neither of them may care much whether men praise or blame him,—both of them can do without applause. But how different they are. Both can do without the sunlight; but one is the mole crawling out of sight of the sun underground, the other is the angel who lives beyond the sun with God. For men's praise stands for goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

In a town in India, a British agent decided to shade the native shops by planting some peepul trees, but when the shopkeepers learned of his intention they declared they would move. The peepul tree is considered sacred by the Hindoos. 'We cannot tell untruths or swear falsely under a peepul tree,' they said, and naïvely added, 'and how can we carry on business otherwise?' When Peter asked Ananias, 'Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Spirit?' and when he asked Sapphira, 'How is it that ye have agreed together to try the Spirit of the Lord?' he impressed the truth that God's presence overshadowed them always, and they had not sinned against men but against God. Are we so conscious of God's presence that we can not tell untruths at any time, for they would seem to us untruths told to God?—Peloubet's 'Notes.'

A few counterfeit Christians do not prove that the gospel is a failure, or the church unworthy. A few dead trees in the forest, or dried stalks in the fields, do not prove that spring is a failure, or that the sun does not impart real life. The débris at the edge of the Nile floods, left high and dry and useless, does not prove that those floods do not fertilize Egypt and make it a garden of fertility. Dead sticks and withered leaves in the stream are no part of its waters. Wormy apples do not prove that the tree bears no good fruit.

If the early church were absolutely perfect we would be absolutely without hope in our own day. But the church grew and has transformed a large part of the world in spite of imperfect members.

We must be careful not to measure a man or a society by its imperfections alone. It is like valuing gardens by their weeds and fruit trees by their worm-eaten fruit. By that method of measuring Sahara is better than the choicest garden in the world, for it has fewer weeds; and a dead tree is better than the most fruitful tree in the orchard, for it has no poor fruit. Not by their weeds alone, but by their 'fruits' ye shall know them.—Peloubet's 'Notes.'

The only safety for a man who desires to appear good is to be good.—Lyman J. Gage.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.—Tennyson.

Bible References.

Psa. lxxiii., 11; Prov. x., 18; xii., 19-22; John viii., 44; xiv., 6; Eph. iv., 25; Col. iii., 9; Rev. xxi., 8, 27; xxii., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 7.—Topic—Christian Endeavor around the world. Ps. xcviii., 1-9. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 1.—A universal God. Rom. iii., 27-31.
Tuesday, February 2.—Universal worship. Ps. lxxvi., 1-20.
Wednesday, February 3.—A universal kingdom. Matt. xiii., 31-33.
Thursday, February 4.—Universal fellowship. I. Cor. i., 1-9.
Friday, February 5.—Universal service. Mark xvi., 14-20.
Saturday, February 6.—Universal brotherhood. Matt. xii., 46-50.
Sunday, February 7.—Topic—Our Christian Endeavor comrades the world over. Ps. xcviii., 1-9. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

'Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.' You may work and pray for the salvation of your class until your head whirls and your heart grows faint and see no fruit. What you need to do is to get the 'class' idea out of your head and pray and work for the conversion of Mary and Martha and James and Henry.—'S. S. Teacher.'

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The Bridal Wine-cup.

(Published by special request of one of our readers who has kept this story between the leaves of his Bible for many years.)

In 185! there lived in a small town in the State of New York the deacon of a certain Christian Church, who was noted for his liberal qualities, who was in the habit of giving large wine suppers amongst his brotherhood of the Church, and, as a general thing, the guests would return home rather more than slightly inebriate, or rather more intoxicated than they would have been if they had staid at home and enjoyed the pleasure of their own families, and saved themselves the trouble of carrying the big head upon their shoulders, on the following day, as was the case. The scene which I wish to represent was one of a similar kind.

At Christmas time of '51—it was the marriage of the only daughter of the deacon—it was a night of joy and glee. After the marriage had been performed, the bottles of wine were brought forth; all present filled their goblets full of the poisonous nectar, except one, who stood like a marble statue—it was the bride—whilst the words were spoken by one of the crowd, 'Pledge with wine!' 'Pledge with wine,' cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; 'Pledge with wine,' ran through the crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder.

'Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once,' said the deacon, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; 'the company expect it; do not so infringe upon the rules of etiquette, for this once please me.'

Every eye was turned toward the bride, for Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference of his habits—and to-night watched to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming goblet, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every one was attracted by her piercing exclamation of: 'Oh, how terrible!'

'What is it?' cried one and all, thronging together, for she had carried the glass to her arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

'What?' she answered, while an inspiring light shone from her eyes; 'wait, and I will tell you. I see,' she added, slowly pointing one of her jewelled fingers at the sparkling liquid, 'a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowded with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of the breeze. But there a group of Indians gather, and flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form—but his dark cheek how deathly—his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins on the high, holy-looking brow—why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands; hear his shriek for life; how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land! See!' she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their grasp, asd the deacon fell overpowered into his seat—'see, his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prayes how wildly for mercy. Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping. Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together.'

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lips, and tears streaming into the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm has lost its extension, and the glass, with its little troubled waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute; her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

'It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently on his forehead. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister; no soft hand and no gentle voice sooth him. His head sinks back, one convulsive shudder—he is dead.'

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom had hidden his face and was weeping.

'Dead!' she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and her voice more broken—'and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son, my twin brother, a victim of this deadly poison! Father,' she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks—'father, shall I drink the poison now?'

The form of the old deacon was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered, 'No, no, my child, in God's name, no!'

She lifted the glittering goblet, and, letting it fall suddenly to the floor, it was dashed to pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, every glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:

'Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine, or any other poisonous venom. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the terrible poison. And he, to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that land of gold—will sustain me in his resolve. Will you not, my husband?'

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The deacon had left the room, but when he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from that princely home.

Reader, this is no fiction. I was there and heard the words, which I have penned, as near as I recollect them. This bride, her husband and her brother, who died in the gold regions of California, were schoolmates of mine. Those who were present at that wedding never forgot the impression so solemnly made, and all from that hour foreswore the social glass.

Why I Hate the Liquor Traffic.

Personally, I have seen so much of the evils of the liquor traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws.

I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic.

I hate its every phase.

I hate it for its intolerance.

I hate it for its arrogance.

I hate it for its hypocrisy.

I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretense.

I hate it for its commercialism.

I hate it for its greed and avarice.

I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price.

I hate it for its domination in politics.

I hate it for its corrupting influence in civic affairs.

I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men.

I hate it for its utter disregard of law.

I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of state institutions.

I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back, for the palsied hands it gives to toil, for its wounds to genius, for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

I hate it for the almshouses it peoples, for the prisons it fills, for the insanity it begets, for its countless graves in potters' fields.

I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims, for its spiritual blight, for its moral degradation.

I hate it for the crimes it has committed.

I hate it for the homes it has destroyed.

I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men—for its poison, for its bitterness—for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm, and the helpless, for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children, for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.—Governor Hanly.

If anybody will take charge of all Boston's poverty and crime which results from drunkenness the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs relief in the city of Boston.—Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

Next week will be the very last offer of the Pansy Blossom Clubs, and the last list of workers we shall give. If you are working up a club act quickly and send in the names AT ONCE. Remember! You send us five NEW three months' subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at ten cents each for addresses in Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs), or for any of the countries on page 15); we send the papers as stated, giving you a pretty enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble, and sending also six handsome colored pictures (9 in. x 14 in), entitled 'Pansy Blossoms.' You give your new subscribers each one picture for framing and keep one for yourself. These pictures have pleased many hundreds of 'Messenger' readers. They will surely please you and your friends. Don't miss the chance.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

'MORE PANSY GATHERERS.'

John Coventry, Ethel Cuthbertson, Annie Sweezey, Helen Wallace, Michael Hartwell, Eva B. Dustin, David McKee, Mrs. J. W. Grant, G. Roy Mason.

Letters of Queen Victoria.

These three fascinating volumes issued in popular form by direct command of His Majesty the King, should be in every school library in Canada, and in every home as far as possible. They are bound in crimson cloth, gold lettered, and contain full page illustrations.

Every loyal Briton will want a set, and we will gladly send them to any address on receipt of $1.50, and postage extra 25 cents. FOR THE SCHOOL LIBRARY it could be secured on a premium basis by sending only SEVEN genuine new subscriptions to the Messenger,' at 40 cents each, subscriptions all to be in Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Don't forget that when you send in your names as members of the league we want you to copy out the pledge and then sign your name to that. You know how in school if you have made a mistake in spelling, your teacher will tell you to write it out correctly ten times, because the writing it out helps you to remember. It's just that way with the pledge. We want you to write it out when you join the league because writing it out will help you to remember it better.

The names of the new members of our league for this week are Miles K. Knox, U. H., N.B.; Helen C. Gould, W. J., N.S.; Annie L. Young and W. Dorothy Young, A. M., Ont.; Delbert W. Zufelt, B., Ont.; F. Marion Jardine, C., Ont.; Wilson B. Bowyer, S., Ont.; Anna M. Johnson, M., N.B.; Artemas R. Willard, L. R., P.Que.; Myrtle Reba Bennett, Kenneth D. Wood and Armine E. Wood, W., P.Que.; and Kenneth Crowe, G., Ont.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 11 years old and have one brother older and two brothers and one little sister younger than I am. We all attend Sunday School. We arranged to have a cantatta at our Sunday School at Christmas, and I studied to take part in it. I am going to close, now, with a riddle:—Who was the straightest man in the Bible?

FLORENCE P.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sorry to say I hurt my thumb and had to go to the hospital for a week, but it is getting better. Thanks to the Doctor who has already saved my life once through God's great gift. I am doing well, now. We are having snow here, now, and I guess the children will all be out with their sleighs.

FREDERICK RALPH BURFORD (age 10.)

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the Second Reader. I like to go to school even if I do have over a mile to walk. We drive to the Methodist Church, but it is too far for us to go to Sunday School. We have two dear little colts, and we call them May and June. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much.

MARIAN E. HEALY.

G. S., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' once before but didn't see it in print, so I thought I would try over again. We live on a farm two and a half miles from the village. We keep five cows and some young cattle. For pets we have a dog and three cats. We did have two rabbits, but papa shot them. We like the 'Messenger' very much. Mamma says she will get it for us as long as she has money to get it.

EDITH AIKEN (age 12).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen nice little letters that other children have written, so I thought I would write one. I am ten years old and am in the Third Book. Last Friday we had a spelling-match, and I and another little girl stayed up the longest. I have one sister and one brother. My brother has red hair and my sister and I have black hair. The first time I wrote a letter my mother said it was awfully old-fashioned. I hope this letter isn't. We have a nice library at our school, so I got a great big book. The name of it was 'Tales of a Grandfather.' I thought it would be nice fairy tales, but I found it was only a big book of history. I don't like history. But my sister likes history and she is busy reading it. I think I will close, as I have nothing more to tell.

WINNIE McDOUGALL.

[Too bad you don't like history, Winnie, for its just a lot of really true stories, that's all. Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Carnations.' Hayzell Potter, S., Ont.

2. American Express.' Alfred C. Brown (aged 11), M. G., Jamaica.

3. 'Wild Roses.' Margaret E. Parsons, B., Ont.

4. 'Twins.' A. Wingrove (aged 4), E. S., P.Que.

5. 'Pansy.' Ethel Fitzgerald (aged 8), M. Sask.

6. 'A Girl.' Hildur Johanson, K., Ont.

7. 'The Drowsy Bear. Harold Fitzgerald, M., Sask.

8. 'House.' Arleigh Randall (aged 8), H., Ont.

9. 'Pears.' Katie McPhaden (aged 13), S., Ont.

A., Scotland.

Dear Editor,—My aunt who stays in Ontario has sent me the 'Messenger' for about four years; it is a very interesting paper. I go to Sunday School at ten o'clock in the morning. I am eleven years old, and go to Broomhill School. There are about a thousand scholars going to it. I have no brothers or sisters, and my mother is dead, so I stay with an aunt. I do not know your rules for correspondence but will close with four conundrums:

1. There was a thing 'twas four weeks old
When I was no more,
Before that thing is five weeks old
I will be five score.
2. Divide fifty-five by nothing and then add H and you will get the name of the greatest ruler in the world.
4. How is Balmoral Castle the cheapest house in Scotland?

MARGARET JACKSON.

[Your letter is all right, Margaret, glad to hear from you. Ed.]

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Pansy Blossoms' and 'Maple Leaf Brooch' for which I wish to thank you. The new subscribers are delighted with the picture and also the paper, and I am sure if they love your paper as I do they will always remain subscribers. I hope I may get some more to subscribe for your paper some time.

I remain,
Your little friend,
NORMA MURCHISON (age 9).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my Grandma about a mile from C. My father and mother two brothers and two sisters came out for Christmas. I got quite a few useful presents. I have a fine Maltese cat for a pet. I call it Tomkins.

EVELYN M. CARTWRIGHT.

C. E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen so many letters from the young people of Canada on the correspondence page of the 'Messenger,' that I thought I should write one, too. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. My sister Hazel subscribed for it last winter, so our ever cheering paper will soon stop coming to us, but we will not despair, for we hope to subscribe for it again. I go to the Congregational Sunday School here, we have quite a large school.

PEARL ELLIOTT.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day in the summer time but cannot go in the winter, as it is too stormy. We have a white cat with a few brown spots on it. It's name is 'Snowball.' Our dog's name is 'Rover.' This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I hope it will not be the last.

OLIVE HENDERSON

OTHER LETTERS.

Addie B. Mabey, G., P.E.I., writes 'I received the R.L.K. pledge and badge. I thank you for them. I think they are very pretty.'

Charles Roy Rumbelaw, M., Ont., says 'My mother died three months ago.' We are very sorry to hear that, Charlie, for mothers are missed very much when we lose them, aren't they?

Edith M. Mitchell, D., N.B., lives 'on a farm right along the Miramichi river. It is very pretty in the summer.'

L. McKnight, D., Ont., writes 'We have a little white calf with which I have lots of fun. My father is a blacksmith. I often go to the shop and watch the flames and sparks flying around.'

Rhoda Victoria McLennan, A., Ont., says 'My little brother Kenneth is in the Montreal Hospital, the Royal Victoria, in the children's ward. He is five years old.' We hope he will soon be better, Rhoda.

Hazel C. Gould, W. J., N.S., also has a sick brother. 'My youngest brother, Frank, is in the hospital at Halifax. He is getting along well.' We are glad to hear that, Hazel. Your riddle has been asked before.

Lena MacTavish, E. C., Ont., writes a little letter also.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Have Faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
What though behind, the foe,
In front, the sea may rise with threat'ning might!
The pillar of God's presence, in the night
As fire shall glow;
Darkness around, He will to thee give light,
Thy foes o'erthrow,
Stretch forth, in trust, prayers's wonder-working rod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
He holds the winds and waves
Within the hollow of His own strong hand!
All things obey one word of His command,
And Jesus saves!
The starry hosts He binds with circling band,
Shuts storms in caves,
His sacred feet the surging billows trod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
Though fig-tree blossom not,
The labor of the olive seem to fail,
The vine leaves wither 'neath the pelting hail,
And falling, rot;
They shall enrich the mould, while we bewail
Their wasted lot,
New fruit is forming down below the sod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
Omnipotent His love!
Though mountains bar thy way, He shall again
Thresh the high hills, till they become a plain,
Or far remove;
Things deemed impossible by men, and vain,
Are wrought above,
And for rough places, feet with iron are shod;
Have faith in God.

—Selected.

A New Game.

(Joshua F. Crowell, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

It was Saturday morning, and the twins stood hand in hand, looking sorrowfully out of the window.

'It's going to rain!' with a sob, said Sue.

'It's raining now!' with a wail, said Lou.

Then together they said, 'What shall we do?'

Now big Brother Hugh was home from college on a vacation, and when he saw how disappointed his little sisters were at staying in for the rain, he said, 'Come here girls! I've a brand-new game for you. Here are some paper and pencils. Who lives next door?'

'Mr. Brown,' answered the girls, in unison.

'You are right. What kind of a complexion has Mr. Brown? Is it brown?'

'No,' said Sue, 'he is pale.'

'He's very pale,' said Lou.

'Then write on your papers Mr. Brown is very white. Now we'll sit round this table and put on our thinking-caps, and in imagination we'll go all round this town and pick out all the people that have colors for names, and we'll see how many come right.'

'Oh, I know how!' cried Sue. 'The colored man that saws our wood is named Mr. White. I'll put it down. Mr. White is very black.'

'Oh,' cried Lou, 'I know another man who is just as black, and his name is Snow-'

'Write it down this way,' said Brother George, with a twinkle in his eye: 'Mr. White is as black as Snow,' taking her paper from her.

The girls squealed in unison, 'Oh, how funny!'

'You need not confine yourself to colors. There are other qualities quite as amusing and quite as true. You both know Mr. Savage; there never was a gentler, kinder man. Now I am going to leave you. In an hour come up to my room, and show me what you have written.'

The two girls had an exciting time. In imagination they travelled all over town, and visited every one they knew. Then they consulted the papers and the dictionary as reminders. Their mother saw them and wondered what made them so industrious. Best of all, they were happy, and never once thought of the rain outside.

At the end of the hour Sue produced and read the following paper:

'This is a strange town, for most of the people in it are named wrong, but I am very glad that most of them are better than their names.

'The three nicest people I know are wrongly named.

'My day teacher, Miss Stearn, is always gentle. My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Bangs, is quiet, and Mr. Savage is the tamest man in town. I know a whole family of Bachelors, and they are all married.

'Mr. Beach lives in the woods, and Mr. Woods lives near the beach. Mr. Elder is about twenty years old, and Mr. Young is seventy-five. Mr. Day works at night. Mr. Long is a short man, and Mr. Lowe is six feet tall.

'I have heard of Bartlett pears and Baldwin apples, but in this town Mr. Bartlett grows apples and Mr. Baldwin pears. Mr. Carpenter is a mason, and Mr. Mason is a carpenter. The Butlers and Carters and Millers and Potters don't do anything for a living, and the Kings have to work like slaves. Mrs. Walker has a carriage, and Mrs. Ryder never has had a carriage, but has to walk.

'If all these people had their names changed we shouldn't know them any better, for we know them now in spite of their names, because names do not count, after all.'

When Brother Hugh read that last sentence, he said, 'Sue, you are quite a little philosopher, and you have quite a long list, too.'

'It's true, anyway,' said Sue.

Then Hugh smiled at the twelve-year-old girl in his superior wisdom of twenty years, and proceeded to read Lou's paper:

'There is a man in our town,
His face is white, his name is Brown.
Mr. Grey is saffron yellow,
And Mr. Green's a rosy fellow.
Mr. Taylor is a baker,
Mr. Cook, a carriage-maker;
Mr. Gardner catches fish,
Mr. Fisher—raises vegetables.'

'I couldn't make this one rime, but it's the truth.'

When Hugh had finished his reading, he said, 'I see that my little game has produced a philosopher and a poet in the family.'

The twins were silent for a moment, then they said together:

'Why, it has stopped raining!'

The Verdict Reversed.

When my brother Tommy was a small boy, about three years of age, my parents had a parrot which was a very knowing old bird. He was often allowed to roam at will about the house, and he often perched on the back of Tommy's high chair.

Once, at mealtime, when Tommy was sitting at the table, something didn't go to suit him, and he began to cry. The parrot, perched in his favorite place on Tommy's chair, wagged his head sagely, and said drolly, 'Tommy bad boy, Tommy bad boy.'

This hurt Tommy's feelings very much, and also made him very indignant. He began to cry still harder, saying vehemently, 'I 'ain't" bad.'

The parrot, who seemed to be somewhat abashed at this denial, remained quiet for some time, evidently pondering the situation. Then he said, soothingly, 'Tommy good boy, Tommy good boy.'

This seemed to pacify the troubled child, and he soon stopped crying.—'C. E. World.'

Miss Abigail's Record.

(J. L. Harbour, in the 'Morning Star.')

When the only Sunday-school in the small town of Wayneford held its anniversary exercises, the name of Abigail Lynes was always read as that of the only person that had not missed a single session of the school since its organization. When the school celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, it was still true that Abigail Lynes had never missed a session. When the school came to its thirtieth, and even to its thirty-fifth anniversary, Abigail Lynes was still on hand to hear her name read, and to see it in big letters on the blackboard, as the only person who had never missed a Sunday.

Abigail was now an old woman, and it had cost her a good deal to make such a record as this for herself. She was sixty-nine years old when the Sunday-school celebrated its thirty-ninth anniversary, and on that day she said:

'I'm comin', if the Lord spares me, one more year to make up an even forty-year record, an' then I think I'll drop out, an' I feel that the dear Master will be willin' that I should.'

It lacked but one month of the fortieth anniversary of the Sunday-school, and Miss Abigail's record was still the same. One Saturday morning she was standing on a chair in her kitchen reaching up to the top shelf of her cupboard. Suddenly she lost her balance and fell in such a way that her ankle was severely sprained. The injury was not very painful at the time, but in a few hours she was compelled to lie down, and when Mrs. Willis, Miss Abigail's next-door neighbor, chanced to come in a little later, she found Miss Abigail's foot and ankle very badly swollen. The swelling grew worse, and when Mrs. Willis went home, an hour or two later, she said:

'I declare if it isn't too bad! Abigail Lynes has sprained her ankle so badly I don't think she'll go to Sunday-school to-morrow. She feels dreadfully about it.'

'Miss Abigail not able to go to Sunday-school!' exclaimed Fred Willis, a robust boy of fifteen. 'My! it'll not seem like Sunday-school to us boys if Miss Abigail isn't there. We've never had any other teacher since we left the infant department. And here it's only three more Sundays until the fortieth anniversary.'

'Well, I'm sure Miss Abigail will not be able to walk to Sunday-school,' said Mrs. Willis.

'I'm going over to see her about it,' said Fred, and in a minute or two he was sitting by the lounge on which Miss Abigail was lying in her sitting-room.

'Well, I'll tell you, Miss Abigail,' said Fred, 'if you're able, we boys will get you there some way. We've counted as much as you have on having you there on the fortieth anniversary.'

'I hoped to fill out my full record of forty years, but I'll not complain if the Lord orders it otherwise.'

It was the first day of January, and the snow was drifting gently down. Already it covered the ground to a depth of several inches.

'You'd like to go if we can get you there, wouldn't you, Miss Abigail?' went on Fred.

'Oh, yes; I'd love to go if I'm able, even if I can't walk.'

'Then you shall go,' said Fred.

Other of her neighbors came to see Miss Abigail when they heard of her misfortune, and some of them offered to see to it that she was carried to Sunday-school; but she said:

'I thank you very much, but I've promised Fred Willis that I'd let him and the other boys in my class get me there.'

That evening Fred went round to see the other boys in his class. There were five of them, and they were vigorous lads of from fifteen to seventeen years of age.

The next morning at nine o'clock the Willis sleigh drew up to Miss Abigail's door. The sleigh was drawn not by horses, but by the six sturdy lads belonging to Miss Abigail's class. Her injured ankle was not very painful, but she could not wear a shoe nor stand on her swollen foot.

Mrs. Willis had dressed Miss Abigail for Sunday-school; and she greeted 'her boys' with smiles when she saw them trooping in to carry her out to the sleigh.

'You are good boys,' she said, in her simple and direct way. 'I'll feel like a queen whose chariot is drawn by her loving subjects, and I'd rather ride to Sunday-school this way than go with a coach and four. I'll have a sleigh and six.'

She was a tiny woman, and the boys lifted her easily and carried her out to the sleigh in which were robes and blankets. They tucked her in snug and warm, and started on their

way to the little church, a mile distant. They had already taken a large, easy chair and several cushions to the church.

Not to be Baffled by a Door.

Years ago, when I was quite a child, we had a large white cat of no particular breed, —just cat,—that was the most intelligent animal I ever saw. The most interesting trick in which I have seen this intelligence displayed was the way she would manage to open a door.

The particular door led from the porch into the kitchen, and was furnished with a simple old-fashioned latch. We never knew how the cat learned to do it, but many times I have seen her come, survey the door up and down a moment, then stand on her hind legs, put her left paw through the handle to hold herself up, and then with the right one pat the latch up and down until the door would open. Then Mrs. Pussy, with a satisfied wave of her long gray tail, would walk through; and it is needless to say that she never stopped to close the door after her. I am sorry that I was wicked enough sometimes to shut the door just to see her open it again.—'C. E. World.'

A Broken Goblet.

'Will you give me a glass of water?' asked little Olive Grey, stopping at the door of Mrs. Trim's cottage and peeping in.

She thought Mrs. Trim would be sitting there, but she was not to be seen. Instead of her portly person Olive saw a thin little girl, who was washing the dishes. However, she smiled, and took a goblet and put it on the table.

'I've just fetched in a fresh pail, miss,' she said, filling the glass; 'and it's as cool as ice.'

Then she handed the glass to Olive, who said:

'Thank you. Have you come to stay with Mrs. Trim?' she asked after a pause.

'I don't quite know, miss,' said the girl. 'I'm here a week on trial. I used to live at the poorhouse, and I'm just old enough to hire out. If the lady likes me, she'll take me to bring up. I hope she will. It's a real nice home, and such a pretty garden! My name is Sally Twiggs, miss.'

'Well, Sally, I should think Mrs. Trim would be sure to like you,' said Olive. And, with a 'good-morning,' she ran away.

She was going to a croquet party, and was in a hurry. When she had gone a little way, however, she met May Bostwick, fanning herself with her hat and looking very pink.

'I am so thirsty, Olive,' she said, 'that I don't know what to do. I ran hard all up the road, and my tongue is like a chip.'

'I'll get you some water,' said Olive. 'Mrs. Trim's girl gave me some. Come!' And the two ran back together to the door of the little cottage.

It was wide open, and no one was there, but the cedar pail stood on the table, and the glass beside it. Olive filled the glass and gave May all she wanted, and then took another glass herself.

'Hurry!' said May. 'We'll be late!' And Olive reached to put the glass on the table without looking. The consequence was that she set it only halfway on; and before the girls had more than stepped outside the door down it went, crash, upon the oilcloth!

'Oh!' cried Olive. 'What have I done?'

'Come along, quick,' said May, catching her by her hand, 'and no one will ever know you did it.'

And Olive, on the impulse of the moment, yielded to the advice and the pull; and they ran away together. But never, never, never, did she feel so ashamed of herself.

'I can not play,' she said presently. 'I'm sorry, girls; but I feel dreadful, and I must go home.' There was only one person in the world who could tell her what was right to do, and that was her mamma.

'My little girl,' said mamma, 'you should have found Mrs. Trim, and told her all about it. Now you must take a nice glass of mine, wrap it in paper, and go to Mrs. Trim at once. Tell her the truth, and say, "Mother sends you a glass in place of the one I broke, with her compliments."'

Olive felt happier now. She bathed her eyes, took the polished glass her mother gave her all nicely wrapped up, and was soon at the cottage.

However, when her feet were on the porch and the door-knob in her hand, she paused, half afraid to enter, hiding the glass behind her, and heard someone sobbing softly and someone scolding loudly. Mrs. Trim was saying:

'There's no reason in a general way, for breaking it; but it ain't that only. If you'd said, "Mrs. Trim, I've met with an accident and broken a glass; but I'll be more careful in future," why, I might have scolded but we wouldn't have parted for it. But to tell fibs, and lay the goblet to my poor cat—a likely story! And who'd come in while you were out to break a glass?'

'I, Mrs. Trim,' said Olive, opening the door. 'Sally gave me one glass of water, and I came back to get another for a thirsty little girl I met, and didn't put it far enough on the table. Sally was not here; and mamma sends her compliments, and will you accept a glass in its place?'

'Why, I don't want your ma's glass, Olive,' said Mrs. Trim. But she did not force Olive to take it back when she put it on the table.

When Olive had gone a little way up the road, some one came running after her. It was Sally.

'O, miss!' she said, 'how sweet of you to come back! Most girls would have run away.'

'I ran away first, Sally,' said Olive, meekly.

'But you came back,' said Sally with a strange, solemn look, 'and saved me from being sent back to that frightful place. Thank you forever and ever!'

'It was like a prayer somehow,' Olive said to her mother, 'and made me cry.'—'New York Ledger.'

Combination Family Bible.

This large family Bible has a neat, substantial binding, and large, clear type, the size of page being 12 x 10 inches. It gives the authorized version in the text and the revised version by means of foot notes, thus giving a combination of both versions at a glance. It would be very suitable for a small church or meeting house, or for the reading desk in the Sunday-school room. As it has the usual pages for the family register it would be a most suitable gift for a young couple beginning housekeeping, while its large, readable type would make it a welcome gift for an elderly person whose sight was failing. This desirable Bible would be sent, carriage free, for one renewal and four new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00 a year each. Or for one renewal and three new subscriptions if receiver pays the carriage. The weight is 7½ pounds, and we could send express collect, if directed, or where express would be heavier than mail, we could send by mail provided 60 cents be added for postage.

Or it will be sent postpaid for one renewal and ten new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' all at 40 cents; or for one renewal and SEVEN new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, if receiver pays carriage, as stated above.

This is an excellent chance for a group of friends to work together to secure this Bible for some purpose in which all are interested.

In Camp With the Boys.

(The Rev. J. Sinclair Steverson, M.A., B.D., Gujarat, India, in the 'Daybreak.')

How would you like to come along? We should be very glad to see you, provided you didn't mind good long walks. You know that all missionaries who can afford to leave their stations for several weeks at a time spend as much as possible of the cold season out among the more distant villages in tents. This is the way we try to reach the thousands of people who live too far from our head stations to be likely to have much chance of hearing the Gospel there. And as it hardly ever rains all these months, and the village people are accustomed to make arrangements for any 'Sahib' who wants to pitch his tents beside them for a few days, the touring season is the most delightful in the year, at least so it seems at the time.

Here at Parantij, however, we have the best time of all, for the boys come along, too, and that is half the fun! Not all of them, of course. You must be a good walker, a good boy, and have a good school record for the past year if you want this privilege. Then when their turn comes, a squad of six or eight boys put on all the clothes they possess (never mind if it is three coats, one on top of the other), make a roll of their bedding, with a Bible and hymn-book generally inside, stuff their pockets with the usual miscellaneous assortment of things that anyone would find if they turned out your trouser pockets, and set off while it is still dark on their fifteen or twenty mile walk to whatever place 'Papa's' (father's) camp happens to be at. And in due time we at the camp, who are looking out for them, descry a long straggling line of rather tired-looking figures, red caps, blue coats, white dhoties* and white bundles strapped round them, giving them quite a military appearance, and soon the bundles are thrown down, a rush is made for the waterpots, and then, all weariness forgotten, they crowd round you to tell the news.

By-and-by a smudgy letter, travel-stained, is brought out of someone's pocket, then another, then a whole bundle of them—these being the loving greetings of the boys left behind, and if, as they sometimes hope and generally demand, I were to answer all these, I am afraid there would be little time left for preaching in the villages. As a matter of fact, however, not all our time goes in that. The people are in the fields all day, and your only chance of getting them together is to go in the morning before they go to work or in the evening after they come back; so the missionary generally looks forward to 'camp' as a huge leisure time to which all odds and ends of work that are crowded out among the interruptions of his station can be put off, and so the quiet hours pass quickly enough in our cloth house with reports, correspondence, accounts, reading, and so forth The boys have no reports or accounts, and correspondence is with them merely an interlude in more active occupation; so when an hour's rest has made them forget they were ever tired (not to mention the disappearance of the flat loaves they baked the night before they started) someone generally comes to the window or door of the tent with: 'Please may we go and play?' and then quietness reigns.

'Going to play' generally means climbing the hills (for we have delightful brushwood-covered hills in this Northern end of Gujarat) in search of the rare and much-prized bamboo —they always seem to fail to find the slight flexible cane that would be of use to me to keep behind my study door!—or to shoot snipe and quail; this you do with a small stone, instead of powder and shot, your hand being the gun, and they are very good shots; or to course a hare, which always gets away,

*Loose cloth wrapping body from waist to feet.

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Kabaro, the Orphanage dog, being the only one of the fraternity who can catch that kind of game; or to fish, which you do either with your hands, or better—in a cloth. I myself once caught a fish with my hands, and still swell with pride over it, for it was large enough to eat! It is only when all other expedients are exhausted that we descend to such a commonplace way of passing time as tipcat or hockey.

If, as sometimes happens, there is a deep stream or lake near, then sooner or later it is sure to be, 'May we go and bathe?' and then, 'Won't you come, too?' Now, that is a form of temptation against which I am never proof. It is midday, and I have only just perhaps finished breakfast, so I really cannot possibly go. 'Well, will you come in half an hour?' 'No, how could I go in half an hour? We should all get fever.' 'Well, when will you come? We'll wait.' So four o'clock is fixed and off we go, only the more dignified catechist staying behind; and then comes a glorious hour of what the English-reading Indian would call 'swallowing' in the clear waters of the pool, playing all the usual tricks on each other—only there is a natural gentleness in the Indian boy that makes him much less rough than his white brother even in play—and ending up with netting a few fish in a cloth, or perhaps with a stone-skipping competition, for that gentle art is practiced here as well as at home! The stones are called loaves—that being the shape of the flat Indian loaf—and you say to your neighbor, how mny loaves do you want to eat? and then try and skip your 'loaf' just that number of times.

Then when we get back it is time to go to a village—probably the one we are encamped at—and the boys, except the two whose turn it is to cook, come along and help in the singing, which is a very different affair from the somewhat dismal duet between the catechist and myself when we have no other choir, and during the preaching their sharp ears take in the whispers of the crowd and its curious gusts of superstition, all which they afterwards retail to you on the way home with much gusto, mixed pity or indignation, as the case may be.

It certainly is delightful having these little groups of boys about with one, enlivening the long walks to and from the villages, and opening windows here and there into that secret unexplored chamber of an Indian boy's heart. And watching them closely day by day, one learns what really fine fellows some of these boys are—as well worth praying for as any creature on this earth. If you can't join us in our walks will you not join us in our prayers?

The Dog's Repentance.

When a boy on a farm, I witnessed what I have always believed to be the exercise of moral feelings on the part of a dog.

An older brother and myself were working quite a distance from the house in a field where there was a garden. During our work we turned our oxen loose from the waggon to graze, and when they went near the garden my brother set the little dog on them to drive them away.

This the little fellow did effectively several times, but then seemed to tire of it, and refused to go again. On his persistent refusal, my brother tried the whip on him. This he endured as long as he could, when he started for home.

In the course of an hour, he came back and went directly to my brother, who, by the way, was at home but seldom and never petted him, and in whom the dog never manifested any particular interest, and, crouching at his feet, looked imploringly up at his face. My brother looked sternly at him for a moment, then spoke kindly to him, whereupon he jumped up and in every possible way gave an expression of gladness.

Soon after this the oxen got near to the garden again. My brother simply pointed to them, saying nothing, when the little fellow went for them as if his life depended on his driving them away.

I could interpret this action only as indicating that the dog went and thought the matter over, and, feeling that he had done wrong, came back directly to him whom he had disobeyed, expressing as best he could his sorrow, and asking forgiveness; then when the opportunity came did works meet for repentance.—'C. E. World.'

The Doctor's Nephew.

Richard had been some months with Dr. Vose when a boy from the city came to pay his uncle a visit. He was about Richard's age and very nice looking; and pretty soon he began to show a great liking to Richard, at least if we may judge by the presents which he gave him. The boy's name was George. George first gave Richard a knife with two blades. Richard was not quite satisfied with taking it, though he saw no harm in doing so. Then George gave him a pocket-book and some small things. Richard was both surprised and flattered; and he would have been very much pleased, only that strange things were happening in the garden. Richard had the care of the garden and watched all the fruit as it ripened.

'GEORGE FIRST GAVE RICHARD A KNIFE.'

One morning he went to pick a dish of white raspberries for breakfast, and the raspberries were gone!

Nor was this all! Who had stripped the damson trees? Could Richard suspect George? George, such a generous fellow! Not long after he found George eating a melon behind the barn. The next day he saw that a fine little melon which he had long watched on the vines was gone. That night George offered him a handful of candy. Richard refused it.

Dr. Vose's brother arrived from the country. It was towards dusk and Richard took his horse and buggy around into the yard.

'Richard knows about horses,' said the doctor, 'trust him.'

While Richard was rubbing the horse down and feeding him, George crept into the stable. 'Dick,' he cried in a loud whisper—'Dick, I say, let me take Uncle Doctor's horse tonight, I want to go off.'

'Have you the doctor's leave?' asked Richard. 'Ask him, not me.'

'You have charge of the stable, and you can let me take him,' said George.

Uncle will never know it; his brother and he will talk together all the evening. Come, now, I am going to have the horse.'

'No you don't!' cried Richard.

'Fudge!' said George, 'the man that used to live here always let me!'

'"I" shall not,' said Richard.

'I'll pay you for it, come now!'

'I have nothing to do with letting horses,' said Richard; 'that is not my business here.'

'Think what I've given you, time and again!' cried George angrily.

'Did you give them to bribe me? asked Richard.

'To be sure!' cried George, sneeringly. 'You knew I took the fruit, but that knife—' George did not intend to say as much, but a mean spirit lets itself out.

'Then I'll take a stand against it, cried Richard, with a glowing and indignant face. 'Take your knife, take your pocket-book, take your marbles,' he said searching his pockets.

At that instant who should issue from behind the barn-door but the doctor himself! 'I have been a willing and yet unwilling listener to this conversation, said the doctor. 'I came to look after my brother's horse, and I am inclined to think it cannot be in safer hands. Don't you think so, Master George?'

Who would covet George's place?—'Children's Messenger.'

A Question of Silence.

(Mary Barrett Howard, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

Patty Amory, home from boarding-school for the Christmas vacation had been seized with a severe attack of influenza, and all visitors had been denied admittance to the sick room. When her special chum, Marian Wentworth, was at last permitted to see the invalid, she exclaimed in a tone of great relief:

'Patty Amory, you're a fraud! You don't look one bit ill, and we girls thought you must be at death's door—two trained nurses, a doctor three times a day, and none of your friends allowed to see you.'

'Yes, it was too absurd,' acquiesced Patty gayly. 'But it was really quite a sharp attack, Marian, and of course, Grand and Mammy were frightened out of their wits. And now, only fancy, Grand insists that I must have a sea voyage, and we are to spend the rest of the winter in Egypt and Southern Europe. I'm so disappointed, for I'd much rather go back to school.'

'Ungrateful child! Still I can understand how you must hate to lose your place in your classes,' conceded the studious Marian thoughtfully.

'I don't mind that in the least,' declared Patty, ingenuously, 'but I do hate to miss all the fun. 'I'd be simply inconsolable if I hadn't conceived the bright idea of having you take my place.'

'Patty!' gasped Marian, 'I couldn't possibly.'

'Why not?' Patty demanded. 'Grand has written to Madame D'Arblay and arranged it all, and Madame says she will be charmed to receive you.'

'But, Patty,' Marian remonstrated, 'you know I'm teaching in the public school this year, hoping to earn enough to enter the Art League next fall.'

'Yes, I know,' rejoined Patty, 'but the ideas you will pick up in the city, and the better opportunities you will have there to dispose of your lovely work, will more than make up the loss of the salary. Kate Brown will be delighted to take your place in the school, and in short, I've disposed of every possible objection.'

'But, Patty,' faltered Marian, 'Madame D'Arblay's is such a fashionable school—'

'Are you thinking of your clothes?' interrupted Patty. 'Why, Marian, we girls all say that you have such exquisite taste that those simple frocks of yours turn us green with envy.'

'Nonsense,' laughed Marian, 'don't you suppose I know that it is owing to your friendship that it has become the custom in East Elliott to admire my "artistic method of dressing"?'

Then she added with sudden gravity, 'But, Patty, life in a village is very different from that in a city, and—no one who knows my grandmother can help respecting her, but would strangers care to accept her granddaughter as an equal when they learn that before she got her little pension she earned her living by taking in washing?'

A curious expression passed over Patty's frank face. Her loyal heart had hitherto refused to entertain the suspicion that her friend was ashamed of the noble old woman who had maintained her grandchild by her own unaided exertions ever since the sudden death of Marian's parents had left her alone in the world a helpless baby. Marian had, it is true, another grandmother, a stately woman so proud of her wealth and Mayflower ancestry that when her son, as she termed it, 'disgraced his name by a runaway marriage with poor, pretty Mary Kendall,' she never forgave him to the day of his death, and had never recognized the existence of his child. Marian herself was conscious of the ignobleness of the false pride that made her ashamed of the fact that Mrs. Kendall for many years had maintained them both by toiling early and late over the washtubs, and at times she thought she had conquered her unworthy weakness, but one's besetting sins are hard to overcome, and Marian was destined to discover that 'each day is a day of battle.'

'Well, Marian,' Patty said after a pause, 'that matter rests entirely with you. Grand's recommendation was quite sufficient to satisfy Madame, and if you choose to keep silent in regard to your home life, I'm sure no one will ask you impertinent questions.'

Marian blushed hotly at a nameless something in Patty's voice, but she only said, with downcast eyes:

'Of course, it would be a wonderful opportunity for me, Patty, and—and I would like to meet the girls on equal terms.'

Two days later Mrs. Kendall was scurrying about her neat kitchen busily engaged in putting up a luncheon that seemed sufficient for ten men of 'unbounded stomachs' rather than for one delicate girl, when Marian entered the room equipped for a journey, and radiant in her pretty dark-blue traveling suit.

'O granny,' she cried in dismay, 'you're not putting up a luncheon for me, are you? When we change cars at Albany there will be a dining-car on the train, and it's so countrified to sit and eat things out of a box.'

But Mrs. Kendall went on with her task unmoved.

'I ain't a-goin' to have you pizen yourself eatin' the canned stuff they give folks on them trains, Mary Ann,' she said severely. 'An' look at the way it's snowin'! If folks is brash enough to travel this time o' year, let 'em put their trust in the Lord an' take a good lunch along with 'em, say I.'

Marian sighed resignedly. She knew that argument was useless, but she had set her heart on dining in unaccustomed state, served by an obsequious colored water, and she felt very cross as she struggled up the high steps of the train and staggered along the narrow aisle cumbered with the unwieldy box of luncheon in addition to her heavy suitcase.

'Fer the land sakes, Mary Ann Wentworth!' cried a loud, hearty voice. 'Ef I ain't glad to see you! Come right here an' set along o' me an' Tommy.'

Marian looked disconcerted. Miss Temperance Tincker was an old friend of Mrs. Kendall's; and the two old women possessed many traits in common that made the bond between them an especially strong one, but to Marian Miss Tincker's peculiarities were a source of unmixed annoyance. But on this occasion there was no escape possible, and with as good grace as she could summon she took her place opposite a fat old woman and a chubby little boy. 'Tommy's ben makin' me a visit,' Miss Tincker explained. 'His ma—she's my niece, you know—she brought him, an' now I'm takin' him home. I'd kep' him longer, but it seemed as if die I must if I didn't get out of Otto for a while. Our town has more tribulation to the square inch than any place I ever did see. Of course, a good deal of it can be shouldered off onto Providence, like the smallpox scare last summer, an' the failin' of the grape crop, an' the whole Biddle fambly bein' struck by lightnin'. But I could stan' bein' pitted, an' havin' my ten acres o' grapes ate up by a bug that never was heard of till our town started into the grape business, an' the Biddle fambly was not gre't loss, but what I can't stan' is bein' stirred up the whole endurin' time by hearin' about the sin an' wickedness of our promiuent feller citizens. Sometimes I think that mebbe it's all true, an' that there ain't no honor nor honesty nor decency left in the world; an' then again I think that if those very folks who do so much talkin' would act up to a piece I learned once, an' tell not abroad another's faults till thou hast cured thine own, that Otto'd be an example 'stead of a scandal an' a byword the way it is now.'

During this long dissertation Marian's attention had been attracted to a group of four young people, who were the only other passengers. Their appearance suggested that they were more accustomed to the luxury of a parlor car than to the plebeian atmosphere of a common day-coach, but there were no Pullmans on the little branch road, and Marian concluded that they were college boys and girls who had been spending their vacation at one of the beautiful country places for which the neighborhood was famous. She soon discovered that they were listening to Miss Tincker's conversation with politely disguised amusement, and the girl's cheeks grew hot with embarrassment as Miss Tincker wandered on in her quaint fashion. Fortunately Tommy Green created a diversion by demanding:

'Say, Marian, you want me to read you a story out of my new reader? I read to my papa, an' he says, "Why, Tommy, my son, that's lelegant, lelegant, lelegant".'

Tommy Green was a dear boy who punctuated all his remarks by a most entrancing little giggle, and whose befreckled face beamed with good will toward all mankind. No one could have resisted the confiding air with which he nestled close to Marian's side, and she soon became so engrossed in him that she was oblivious to the fact that Miss Tincker's unending flow of conversation was still a source of amusement to her fellow passengers.

Suddenly, apparently right under Marian's feet, there sounded the crowing of a rooster. She started violently. Where could the creature be hidden? Certainly not in the old-fashioned 'carpet-bag' that constituted Miss Tincker's only luggage, although she noticed that Tommy looked frightened and that Miss Tincker's face had grown very red. The crowing continued, and Marian, glancing across the aisle, saw that three of the young people were in fits of stifled laughter, while the fourth was preternaturally solemn. Then she thought she understood. The young fellow with the handsome, clean-cut face was a ventriloquist, who was amusing himself by thus ridiculing the honest country woman by her side. A fierce passion of loyalty to her own—those whom Lincoln called 'the plain people'—swept over Marian, and her blue eyes flashed angrily into the dark ones opposite. The conductor, who chanced to be passing through the car, was evidently of the same opinion, for he bent over the young man and remonstrated in a loud whisper:

'Now, look here, young feller, you jest let up on that—I was a country boy myself.'

'I've heard ventriloquists before in my day,' the conductor responded stolidly, 'an' you city folks think you're the whole thing.'

Miss Tincker, who was slightly deaf and who had heard nothing of this colloquy, now remarked audibly:

'My soul an' body, what'll I do? This pesky cretur's begun to crow an' I can't stop him. I wish't I hadn't brought him, but Tommy set his heart on takin' my old yellow rooster home with him. I wa'n't a-goin' to pay no express charges, an' I knew't them railroad folks wouldn't let me bring him in here ef they saw him, so I tied him round my waist an' covered him with this long cloak.'

(To be continued.)

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Always Growing.

'What do you do in the ground, little seed,
Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

'What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
'What, do you not know?
I grow.'

'What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water-grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
'Why, do you not know?
I grow.'

'What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?
'Ho! do you not know?
I grow.'

'Always growing! by night and day
No idle moments we see;
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us be able to say,
In the goodness of God
We grow.

—'Our Little People.'

—'S. S. Messenger.'

A DISPUTED WAY.

Which do you Think Will Back Down First?

Norna.

Once there was a little girl called Norna, sometimes very good, sometimes rather cross, looking quite pretty in a sun-bonnet and aged seven years and some odd days. Norna had a grandmother who sometimes thought that she might behave better, but who all the time was very fond of her, as is the way of grandmothers. Norna got tremendously excited one day when she knew her grandmother was going to take her a long railway journey to Scotland; and at the appointed time, with much anticipation and a half-ticket, she found herself seated in a railway carriage with her grandmother right opposite. Before the train started, an old blind lady came to the carriage door on the arm of an attendant and was safely guided inside. Very carefully she felt her way until she was able to sit down on the cushion. Norna looked at her rather hard, fascinated by her sightless eyes for she thought it could not be rude to stare at blind people; and as Norna looked, into her her own little heart there came great pity for the blind lady and a great thankfulness to God because she herself could see.

Norna lived in Liverpool, and at some times of the year Liverpool is a very nice place to get away from. So once the train was clear of the city Norna's spirits rose, and she grew so glad that she quite forgot the blind lady. Mile after hurried mile the train sped, and before long the engine was painfully climbing the hill country in the Lake District. In the half-mist the hills lay around like drowsy lions, and Norna's grandmother was so delighted that she called out aloud, 'Norna, dear, do look at those magnificent hills.' 'Hush, grannie,' said Norna at once, 'hush., And she spoke as though she meant it. Grannies are not used to be ordered to hush by ther granddaughters. A minute or two afterwards Norna explained herself. She came and whispered in her grandmother's ear, 'You see, grannie dear, that poor blind lady in the other corner cannot see; and I was afraid that if she heard us talking about the beautiful hills it would hurt her more than ever to think that she is blind.'

Norna's grandmother understood; and she had no thought of anything but praising her, for it is always splendid when small children are considerate of other folk. Jesus Christ especially likes them to be considerate of those who are old, or lame, or ill, or infirm, or blind. What about you? One day I saw an old blind man hobbling along the pavement, when out of school came a lot of noisy boys rushing like a menagerie let loose. They did not mean to be unkind, but they ran right into the old blind man and almost knocked him over. This was inconsiderate, and you must never act in that way. Indeed, if ever you see a blind person who is halting because he does not know exactly where to tread next, be sure to go to him whether you can tell him anything or lead him anywhere or do anything for him. Try hard to be considerate, not only to blind people, but also to all others who have a call upon the pity of Christ and the sympathy of little children.—'Christian World.'

The Snow Man.

(Celia E. Standish, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

He was a beautiful snow man! Will and Carl and Bob had worked on him all one forenoon. He stood close to the parlor window with his back to it, and he was so tall that his head reached up to the middle of the lower pane. He had no hands nor feet, for the boys were only very little boys, and hands and feet are hard to make; but he had ears and a very large nose and mouth, and two staring black eyes. These eyes were not the same size, because Bob went twice to the cellar for coal to make them with, and being the smallest of the boys, he forgot how large

the first eye was when he went for the second.

However, they did very well, and the snow man was very happy. As he felt himself growing, bit by bit, and the cold wind blew upon him, he longed for eyes to look round, and when his head was at last finished and he could see, it seemed to him that there was never such a beautiful yard as his, nor three such fine boys anywhere as Will and Carl and Bob.

They put an old hat on his head and then tried to knock it off, which seemed strange to the snow man; but he bore it very good-naturedly because he could not help himself, anyway, and one might as well be good-natured over what one cannot help. Besides, Will had made a very smiling mouth for him, and one cannot feel cross when one has to smile. 'These are very good boys,' he said to himself, 'and if they like to throw snowballs at me it must be right.' And when the boys went in to lunch he was very lonesome.

So he watched the sparrows hunt in the snow for crumbs; and he saw a little dog come running up the street, barking for very joy. 'It must be a cheerful world,' said he, 'but I wish the boys would come back.'

The afternoon slowly passed. He could hear Will and Carl and Bob at play in the parlor behind him, and he was very lonely. The sun shone full upon him, and a tear tricked down from his eye. 'They have forgotten me,' he said. But Bobbie came out in the yard just then to hunt for a lost mitten, and he saw the tear. Being a very little boy, he understood.

'Poor man!' he said, running up to pat him. 'He can't see in the house, can he?'

Bobbie looked round. The sun was setting, the dog was gone, even the sparrows had flown away. It would soon be dark; the snow man was all alone, and he was crying. The little boy ran and called Will and Carl. He told them all about it, and explained his play. They climbed up around their playmate, carefully removed his eyes, and put them on the other side of his head, so that he could look into the parlor.

'We must make a new mouth and nose for this side,' said Will.

'Yes,' said Carl. 'It would spoil his head to try to take these off.'

And so it was arranged, and all that evening they kept the curtain raised so that the snow man could watch them play. They did not forget him, but went often to the window to speak to him.

'What good boys!' he said.

'And to-morrow, when we go outdoors,' said Will, 'we must change his eyes back again, so he can see us then.'

'Yes, we will,' said Carl, and they all said good night to him as they went off to bed.

For many days after they moved his eyes back and forth each day, so that he should never be lonely any more.

He was very happy, was the snow man. He stood by the parlor window till the sun grew so warm that he began to melt. Then, one day, when the boys were in at lunch, his black eyes fell out for the last time. And before he sank down into a heap of snow, 'They are good boys,' said the snow man, 'very good boys, are Will and Carl and Bob.'

A Little Lamb Went Straying

(By Albert Midlane, in the 'Child's Companion.')

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew;
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
Safe home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure:
And happy, too, the shepherd
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory,
His little lambs to find?
To make them oh! so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Who Was Generous?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. "Mo' pud'! mo' pud'!" he said.

'There isn't any more, dear,' mamma answered, gently.

'He can have mine,' Alec cried, generously; 'all of it.'

'An' mine, too!' cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

'He can have half o' mine,' little Elsie said, slowly, pushing her saucer across, too.

'That will be just about enough, Elsie,' said mamma, dividing the pudding and giving half. 'Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't.

'After dinner Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock.

'She didn't say 'Thank you' to us, an' we gave baby the whole o' ours,' remarked Alec, in a dissatisfied tone.

'No, she never; I think 'twas most mean!' cried Beth.

'Elsie gave just half, and she ate up the rest—so there.'

'Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'; I didn't want a single bit of mine.'

'Nor me, either; I 'spise it.'

Mamma was at the nursery window putting baby to sleep. She heard the scornful little voices and smiled. You see, she had known all the time that Alec and Beth 'spised rice pudding'; and she had known, too, how much, how very much, little Elsie liked it. That was why she had thanked Elsie.

—Selected.

Her Heart was Right.

A little five-year-old girl was talking with her mother, we are told.

'Mother,' she said, 'I wish Jesus lived on earth now.'

'Why, my darling?' asked her mother.

'Because I should like so much to do something for Him.'

'But what could such a little bit of a girl as you do for the Saviour?' asked the mother.

The little girl hesitated a few moments. Then she looked up into her mother's face and said, 'Why, mamma, I could run on all His errands.'

—'Rams Horn.'

A Morning Welcome.

(C. M. L., in 'Our Little Dots.')

The evening that Nora came back from the seaside she was so tired after her long journey that she was glad to let Nurse put her at once to bed. She was too sleepy even to ask for Nell, her own pet doggie. But the next morning, as soon as Nora was dressed, she ran downstairs, calling: 'Nell, Nell! Where are you?'

She heard Nell give a short bark, and ran along the passage. Then she stopped, for there on the stairs stood Nell with some of the sweetest, dearest, fattest little puppies you ever saw!

Wasn't that a lovely morning welcome?

In a moment the puppies were in Nora's arms, and she was hugging and kissing them, while Nell stood with a look which seemed to say: 'Please, dear little mistress, whatever you do, "pray" don't drop my precious babies!'

'Oh! aren't they darlings?' cried Nora.

And the puppies, in answer, gave the funniest little squeaks of delight; only they didn't think they were squeaks, but very fine barks indeed—just like mother's!

Father told Nora that she might have one of them for her own, but that when they were a little older the others would have to be given away. But before the puppies went Nora and Dora had many fine games with them.

..HOUSEHOLD..

God Knows It All.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell?
Let not thine heart forsake thee, but remember,
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well;—
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails?
Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge fails,
He knows it all!

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, 'Be not afraid?'—
He knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
By Him who sees the end from the beginning,
Thy tear of penitence is not forgot,—
He knows it all!

Then go to God; pour out your heart before Him;
There is no grief your Father cannot feel:
And let your grateful song of praise adore Him,—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal:—
God knows it all!

—Selected.

The Touch.

Everybody in Canaan knew Miss Alma Baker. She had lived there all her life, as had her parents and grandparents before her. 'Poor Miss Alma' people called her; and nobody guessed that for many years she had really been rich. It was when bankruptcy fell upon her hopes that 'the Littlefield boy,' to his own confusion, stumbled upon the secret of her life.

The Littlefield boy was fourteen at the time, and he was having to carry a quart of milk over to Miss Alma's every day. He did not particularly relish the duty, for there was nothing in the least interesting about Miss Alma to a boy; but, on the other hand, there were much more disagreeable things than half-mile walk across lots on summer evenings. So he usually went whistling, exchanged milk-cans and a brief good evening, and loitered back, still whistling.

But one evening, boy though he was, and therefore unobservant to things outside his own particular world, he could not help noticing that Miss Alma looked sick. Her face was pinched, her eyelids were red, and there was a quiver about her pale lips. The Littlefield boy was embarrassed. Finally he blurted it out:

'Ain't you feeling well, Miss Alma?'

Miss Alma's red-lidded eyes filled with tears. He was only a boy, and usually she was ill at ease with boys, but this time she forgot everything except her disaster.

'It's—it's some money I lost,' she explained. 'I had meant to leave it in my will for the heathen. I'd been saving up for thirty years, and I had 'most three hundred dollars. I prayed the Lord to let me send three hundred dollars, and I thought He was going to, and now it's all gone—the lawyer says so.'

Miss Alma put a trembling hand over her lips and looked with dim eyes past the boy, down the long years, with their secret joy, which had come only to failure at last.

The boy's face burned, and he wriggled from one foot to the other, suddenly possessed by a dumb rage at the fate that could cheat a poor old woman like that. He looked about in desperation.

'Say, Miss Alma,' he said, 'don't you want me to chop you some wood? I'd jest as leves, honest.'

But Miss Alma shook her head. 'I don't need any wood,' she said.

The boy went home slowly, not whistling, and the next night bribed a younger brother to carry the milk. The third day he heard that Miss Alma was ill. A week later she died.

As the years passed, the Littlefield boy went out into the world, and presently he began to make a name for himself. People said he would be a rich man one of these days. That was what the Littlefield boy was working for—he meant to be a power; he had no time for anything but work.

But one Sunday, overtaken by a sudden shower, he stepped into the nearest shelter, a little mission church. It was pitifully bare inside, but within five minutes he had forgotten the bareness, for he was listening to a man aflame with the passion for souls. Gradually as the speaker, worn, shabby, awkward, poured out his plea, an old memory stirred in the other man's consciousness. For a few minutes he struggled with it, and then disentangled it—an old woman with quivering lips who had lost the dream of her life. Suddenly there came to him an eager thought—to send Miss Alma's money for her. Tearing a leaf from a note-book, he wrote a line upon it, asking the missionary to call at his office the next day.

That was the beginning, for that day John Littlefield set his feet in a path that was to end only with his death. When that came, twenty years later, it was estimated that he had given more than thirty thousand dollars to missions, and his private benefactions could only be guessed.

But nobody knew that the torch had been kindled years before by a poor old woman in a country village.—'Youth's Companion.'

An Honor List.

It is some time since we have given in the 'Messenger' an honor roll of boys who have done good work selling the 'Canadian Pictorial.' We give herewith a list of some of those deserving of mention.

CHARLIE COLLINS, Que.; WILLIE GRIDLEY, Que.; JAMES FRASER, Que.; HOWARD WILSON, Que.; DAVID McDOWALL, Que.; LLOYD FARQUHAR, Que.; LAURIN K. MELLER, Ont.; JAMES POLSON, Ont.; W. VERNON FOSTER, Ont.; LYMAN SWEEZY, N.B.; SCOTT McLEOD, N.S.; ARTHUR HOPPER, Man.; W. HAROLD DAVIDSON, N.S., and many others of our 'old reliables whose names have appeared before.'

Why should YOUR name not appear? Each month brings its own opportunities. If YOU have never tried before if you have sold before and then gave it up, there is no time like the present for making a head start. Remember, we have a fine list of premiums to choose from, watches and chains, knives, pens, cameras, etc., etc., and if you are willing to work for it, we will do our best to get you just what you want. Write us for our list, etc., and write TO-DAY

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Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

N.B.—BE SURE to watch all the 'Pictorial' advts. that appear in this paper. It will help you make sales.

Little Echoes.

The little girl had been repeatedly warned that if she pulled at her beads the string would surely break; so when the catastrophe occurred in a crowded thoroughfare, she looked up at her mother with quick, in-drawn breath, mentally poised between sobs and laughter. During an instant of strained silence the two regarded each other, then said the mother, 'What a joke!' and the little echo in quick response giggled, 'What a joke!'

A child takes his cue promptly from the grown-up with whom he is associated; the little girl holds up her tiny ruffle of a skirt at the muddy crossing, spanks or argues gravely with her doll according to the favor in which corporal punishment is held at her home, and unconsciously reflects every passing mood of her caretaker.

Because a child is so quick to imitate, the surest way to make him brave and kind is to set always before him a copy of uncomplaining courage and patient love.—'Christian Age.'

Religious News.

The deadness and ineffectiveness of the Russian Church as a power for good is widely recognized. Father Petroff, formerly a professor of theology, a popular preacher and member of the Duma, though under condemnation of his ecclesiastical superiors and under penance in a monastery, has sent a protest to the metropolitan archbishop of St. Petersburg, from which we quote as published in the 'Contemporary Review':

The nation, the great Russian nation, lies the traveller in the Gospel parable of the Good Samaritan—robbed, beaten, blood-stained; and the clergy, the external shepherds of the Church, pass by; they are hurrying forward to the service of the ruling and possessing classes. . . . 'I believe,' he says, 'in one holy Catholic Church, but the soulless organization of Pobiedonostseff in the guise of Orthodoxy, I reprobate with all my understanding and with all the vigor of my forces. I believe that Christ's truth will overmaster everything, and that both the Russian Church and the Russian nation will become free, and establishing in the fatherland the Kingdom of God.'

An Afghan Christian, named Nasirullah Khan, was recently found murdered on the Chaman border. The man was commanded by his assailants to abjure the Christian faith by repeating the Kalima or Mohammedan Creed. On his refusal he was murdered. Dr. H. T. Holland, of Quetta, thus briefly relates the story:

Nasirullah had two months' leave, and was to have gone down to the Punjab with his wife, but for some reason or other he sent his wife on ahead of him, and said that he would follow two or three days later. Then instead of going to the Punjab, he set off for Chaman en route for Kandahar. Why he went toward Kandahar we shall never know for certain. On Thursday morning (August 20) he left Chaman with six or eight other men for Kandahar. He had a nephew with him, who was a Mohammedan. When they got to within forty yards of the frontier, his nephew said, 'Now we have you in our power, read the Kalima and become a Mohammedan again or you die.' He refused to deny his faith, and was cut down by his own nephew with a sword.

The following, from the 'North India Church Missionary Gleaner,' shows the change which is taking place in the Hindu's attitude toward woman, as well as toward caste:

A Christian girl student at the Campbell Hospital, who would have finished her training this year, died suddenly, and the grief expressed by all who knew her was a testimony to her beautiful life and earnest Christian character. When arrangements were being made for her funeral a number of the Hindu students came forward and insisted on paying all the expenses. But more than this, these young men would not allow any hired hands to touch the coffin, and asked if they might be allowed to act as bearers at the cemetery. Such sympathy, which disregards caste rules and finds expression in so truly chivalrous an action, is a sign of the times that will be warmly welcomed.

The mission board of the United Presbyterian Church reports the past as having been in India a year of marvelous results. The number of accessions, 1,655, had been exceeded only once in the history of the mission. The work in Egypt had been one of richest blessings, with 934 accessions on profession of faith—the largest number on record. In northern Sudan the chief work centers about the junction of the two Niles, where a group of Protestant Christians, some of whom have come up from Egypt in the Government service, constitute a strong agency for reaching others. Four native missionaries, supported by the Egyptian church, are at work in this region.

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For further particulars see elsewhere in this issue.

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A Story Worth Reading

Any story that gives us a sympathetic knowledge of our fellowmen is worth reading, but seldom will we find one that interests and touches us as does John Oxenham's 'The Long Road.' Life in a country where the winters are our winters, dry and cold and invigorating, with deep white snows and fierce storms; where the summers are our summers, blue and bright with sunshine and gay with green grass and beautiful flowers and fruit; that we can understand. But do we, can we realize life in such a country with every element of freedom taken out of it, with cruel persecution, with tyrannical governors and unjust laws?

We wonder over the apparent inefficiency of the Russian Douma, we speak scornfully of the unreasoning ignorance of the Russian people, we think with horror of Russian barbarity and brutal disregard for human life, but what do we know of the people, of their patience under oppression, of their sweetness in domestic life, of their industry and shrewd thrifty management of affairs, of their steadfast faith in God.

Stephan Iline with his strength and his curse, Katia with her beauty and sweet lovableness, Katenka with her childish grace, and Peter Krop, the Jewish pedler, with his hard bargaining and helpful affection, the mothers with their beautiful mother love, and the fathers, some good and some bad, the governor, who is the embodiment of all evil, and the governors who are just and generous even under unjust laws—all are interesting, all are drawn so clearly that we seem to know them all and live among them. We rejoice with the joy of the hero, and thrill over his adventures and escapes, and sorrow with his sorrow, and rest content with the light and peace of the 'wide places' into which he came. The 'Long Road' will start in the 'Witness' in the third week in February. Watch for it.

If you are not now taking the 'Witness,' but would like to make a short trial of it, see the special story offer on this page.

Family Antagonisms.

(By Caroline Benedict Burrell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The sense of pride which bids us be silent about our domestic difficulties cannot do away with the fact that in many a household certain antagonisms exist which go far toward destroying the happiness of the home. The ideal family where each child seeks the wish of the other rather than its own, and yields unquestioning obedience to the will of the parents may exist in heaven, but it is rarely seen on earth.

There are mothers who train their children from infancy to dwell together in unity; there are others who cannot do this, and through no fault of their own. Radical differences of temperament often cannot be reasoned or persuaded away, but go so deep that they will persist while flesh and blood endures. With children born to such antagonisms there is but one hope for the peace of the home life—separation.

Two boys may be obliged to room together. One is healthy and boisterous, and loves to collect bird's nests and dead reptiles and keep them close at hand; the other is delicate and fastidious, and appalled by the noise and confusion in which he has to live. The parent says they must each give up to the other, and punishes them when they quarrel; and the inevitable consequence is that the breach between the two widens daily. Two sisters of opposite dispositions, one nervous, orderly, peaceable, the other strong, wilful and helter-skelter, have to endure daily an enforced companionship, constantly rebelling against it and those who insist upon it. Naturally, as soon as they are grown they drift apart at once, the farther the better as they think. In both these cases how simple it might have been to have separated the children; if necessary, given them different homes for a time, and so, since history proves the fact, let absence make their hearts grow fonder!

But trying as it is when boys or girls do not 'get on,' these problems sink into insignificance as greater difficulties arise. When the children enter their teens trouble is almost certain to come. The girl lengthens her dresses, receives her first attention from some schoolboy and goes to an evening party or two; and her head is immediately turned. She now fails to see why she may not sit up until ten o'clock every night and spend all her allowance on violets and white gloves, and she resents the restrictions. The phrase 'my mother does not understand me,' one as old as Eve's first daughter, is frequently on her lips. When the mother who is blessed with a saving sense of humor hears it, she smiles even as she sighs, for she remembers well when she, too, said the same words.

The father feels indignant as his son mutters rebelliously, 'Father forgets that he was young once, himself!' but at the same time he recalls that he felt the same way about his own father, and hopes for a better mind in his son as the days go by. To keep repeating that children such as these are breaking their mother's heart and bringing down the father's head with sorrow to his grave, is to take a more serious view of the case than it deserves. These differences may indeed be permitted to grow into antagonisms, but it is unnecessary to make real and deep feeling out of that which is temporary and on the surface. The children should be made to see that each year the reins of government are held more loosely as they grow older and wiser. A little patience, a little tact and discretion, a marked absence of reproaches and commands, and as far as possible an indulgence in harmless pleasures, and presently the troubles will vanish. The boy will have the latch-key for which his soul longed, and the girl her evening callers, and they will both realize that Father and Mother knew best. It is only normal that pushing, growing natures should rebel against restraint and wish to assert themselves, and later on all these difficulties will be forgotten.

But often when childhood is past sudden antagonisms arise which dismay one's heart. The daughter determines to go away and teach, though she is needed at home, or worse still, engages herself to a man whom her parents disapprove. The son whom his father has depended on to take up his business, decides to go into railroading, or art—either of which are absurd for him to even think of—and so the wills, so long coincident that differences seem incredible, clash dangerously. Apparent tyranny is shown on one side, and blind self-will on the other; words are said which can never be forgotten, and the breach widens until it looks as though it could never be healed.

(To be continued.)

Peeling Onions.

When peeling onions hold them under cold water, as that will keep them from smarting the eyes. To avoid 'smelling up the house,' as the cook says, when boiling onions, remove only the dry outer layers of skin, leaving the juicy portion intact, so that the pungent oil does not escape.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

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Old potatoes require twenty-five minutes; new ones, fifteen.

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Old cabbage takes twenty-five minutes; young takes fifteen.

Onions take forty minutes.

Potatoes, boiled, take twenty-five minutes; steamed they take thirty-five minutes.

Parsnips take forty minutes.

Salsify takes two hours.

French beans take thirty minutes.

Cauliflower takes twenty-five minutes.

Turnips take twenty minutes.

Lamb, fifteen minutes for each pound.

Pork, thirty minutes for each pound.

Chicken weighing four pounds, one and one-half hours.

Fish weighing five pounds, one hour.

Turkey weighing ten pounds, three hours.

Veal, allow twenty minutes for each pound.

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Sirloin of beef, rare, seven minutes for each pound; well done, allow eighteen minutes for each pound.

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Anticipation.

One of the secrets of bringing up boys successfully is, according to a step-mother in a recent story, to give them pleasant anticipations. 'It's all in gettin' boys started right, an' keepin' 'em on the right track by givin' somethin' ahead to look forward to,' says this wise woman. 'Only reason any boy ever got off the track is just 'cause his folks didn't care enough, or didn't have gumption enough, to keep him lookin' forward to somethin' all the time.' There's a good deal of sound common sense in this hint. Even we grown folks feel a reaction from the stimulus of the holidays to which old and young have been looking forward ever since the summer vacation. Pretty soon we can begin to plan our gardens and then, perhaps, study maps and dream dreams about a bit of travel. And there is the visit we hope to have from a dear old friend. We hardly realize how much we live in the future. Even more, then, the child to whom each little pleasure is an event. If you find your boy getting listless and indifferent to appeals for good conduct, try the prospect of company or the promise of some special treat. — 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of Quebec, respecting the will of the late Margaret Ewing, widow of William Galt, of Montreal, to confirm certain Titles granted thereunder, and to make other provisions in regard thereto.

Montreal, December 28 th, 1908.

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